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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVIII. CHICAGO, OCTOBER 31, 1901. NUMBER 9

ESSAYS THEOLOGICAL AND LITERARY

By CHARLES CARROLL EVERETT, D. D.,

Late Dean of the Harvard Divinity School, author of "The Gospel of Paul," Poetry, Comedy and Duty," etc.

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A Search for An Infidel

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BITS OF WAYSIDE GOSPEL

SECOND SERIES

By

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UNITY

VOLUME XLVIII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1901. NUMBER 9

An English exchange tells of the Rev. J. Boon, of Worcester, saying at a meeting that "England was not so much in need of more Christians as of a better brand." The needs of England are the needs of America and the needs of the world.

The *Scientific American* calls for glass roofs to city houses so that those who are shut off from the streets, who have no lawn or even a backyard, can send their children up into the light, give them a playroom that at least has a view of the sky.

Where before there was but one pastor of the People's Church there are now two. On behalf of the readers of UNITY we give congratulations to Dr. Thomas and welcome to Dr. Crane. Next week we hope to print Dr. Thomas' closing sermon.

Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, is again stirred with a purpose of exercising a legitimate power and of doing his obvious duty in closing the so-called wine rooms which flourish on the Chicago streets and which everybody knows are traps for the unwary and screens for wickedness. May it not be an intermittent wrath.

It is a pathetic comment on the religious character of so-called "Christians" when the English bishop of Bombay "deeply regrets the decline of church going" among the English speaking people of India because the natives "have strong religious instincts and are careful in the observances of their religious duties."

L. C. Harvey contributes an appreciative and just tribute to the memory of Evelyn Darling Loudon in the last number of the *Christian Register*. "Miss Darling," as she must ever be remembered by the students and friends of Antioch College, was a teacher of the highest type. Wisdom and goodness radiated from her personality. Her penetrating mind was lost sight of in her beautiful spirit. Though frail of body, she was stout of heart. She has entered into well-earned rest after faithful and high service.

The New Age, a weekly paper published in London, reports three hundred and five pounds as having been forwarded by English sympathizers from London to the Dutch committee, which sum is to be used for the benefit of Boer women and children now confined in reconcentrado camps by the English armies in Africa. Thus it is that the heart of the English people seeks to atone for the hardships caused by English armies. How long, O how long, England, will you persist in crucifying the consciences of your own people?

It is given to but few men to accomplish so much with the pen, or more properly speaking, the newspaper man's pencil, as Jacob A. Riis, who has told so graphically the story of "How the Other Half Lives," who has introduced so tenderly to the more favored the "Children of the Poor." He has been in the fight for reform in New York City for many a year and thousands breathe a purer air and have access to more abundant water through his work. He is still in the fight. Let his words on "Tammany, the People's Enemy," be read in the *Outlook* of October 26th.

Edward Everett Hale answers with commendable spirit the strictures of a correspondent who objected to his asking for relief for the Boer prisoners of war crowded in Bermuda, saying that "the military administration of England has broken down in the care of three thousand prisoners who are crowded on the sand spits of the harbor of Bermuda, where they are dependent upon private charity for the very water they drink." Another correspondent with much force, as it seems to us, retorts in the pages of the same paper, "Apply any principle you wish to the war against the Boers and it will apply with tenfold force in the case of the Philippines."

The Unitarian Association has revived the publication of its monthly bulletin, adding the word "Unitarian" to the old title of "Word and Work." It appears as an insert in the *Christian Register*. In the number for October 24 it speaks of an "exceptionally large number of ministers who have retired from the pastoral work this autumn," among which we find the name of Rev. T. D. Howard, who has ministered for over twenty years at Charleston, N. H. Previous to that ministry he endeared himself in a western field. Three names of accessions from other churches are given, one from the Congregational church, one from the Episcopal and one from the Baptist fellowship.

The papers talk about the "defection of Mrs. Piper," the famous medium, by means of whom the Psychical Research Society has experimented so persistently and through whom came the "revelations" that seemed to be so conclusive to many eminent men, of which Mr. Savage is best known to our circle of readers. It is said that Mrs. Piper does not now think that she was worked upon by disembodied spirits, but that she was the subject of "telepathy" or the victim of "thought transference" from the minds of those in the flesh and near to her. But this doubtless will not daunt the believer in spirit manifestations, for how can Mrs. Piper know anything about the "manifestations," the very existence of which implied the overruling of her own will and the vacating of her critical judgment?

Fannie Barrier Williams in the Chicago *Record-Herald* says anent the recent manifestation of plain good sense on the part of President Roosevelt in inviting Booker T. Washington to dinner:

Strange to say, the first President of the United States to show social recognition to a prominent negro was a Democrat, in the person of President Cleveland. During one of his administrations Mr. Cleveland extended an invitation to Mr. Douglass to attend one of the private receptions at the White House. This was altogether unprecedented, and Mr. Cleveland was criticised for the act in the same way that President Roosevelt is being criticised to-day. Mr. Cleveland was undisturbed by the criticisms, and Mr. Douglass received no discourtesies in the dstinguished company of notable men and women surrounding the President.

It is humiliating to find American citizens praising the president for so slight a courtesy, so obvious a convenience. There seem to be many men and more women, even in the North, who still think that it is not incumbent on members of good society to recognize equals and to exercise the courtesies of life if such an equal and the recipient of such courtesies be a black man or black woman.

One of the most signal victories in the interest of good government won in Chicago for many years has just been achieved through the tireless activity and exceptional good sense of two public school teachers, Miss Haley and Miss Goggin. The writer of this note confesses that when two or more years ago these two young women opened their campaign on the "tax dodgers" of Chicago in order to increase the school revenues, he viewed the departure with regret, feeling that they had better stick to their teaching, and let others who ought to assume the great responsibility take up the task. And still we regard it a reproach to the so-called "leading citizens" of Chicago that it was left to these two "schoolma'ams," in the face of ridicule, without money and at first without influence, to carry the case successfully through the supreme court and to bring unnumbered millions of property represented by corporation shares and railroad stocks on to the assessment rolls from which year after year they were criminally missing. The shame to the men calls for all the more honor to the women, who have grown in agility of mind, effectiveness of speech and beauty of face in their high but difficult contention.

After twenty years of inactivity the Unitarian Church of Kenosha, Wis., comes forth re-equipped to its old work. The little church has been practically rebuilt, having taken a new covering on the outside and fresh walls on the inside. And last Sunday night Miss Florence Buck was installed as the pastor in the presence of a large and sympathetic audience. Dr. Samuel Eliot, of Boston, preaching the sermon, represented the new elements. Jenkin Lloyd Jones and Henry M. Simmons speaking respectively of the "Work of the Minister" and the "Duties of the Parishioners," were representatives of the old guard. Rev. Mr. Grier, of Racine, gave the welcome to the state on behalf of the Universalists, the Unitarians and that large plus of liberals known by neither name. Z. G. Simmons, the benefactor of Kenosha in the new-old roll of president of the Board of Trustees, said the installing word on behalf of the parish. Miss Buck enters not upon the "old work"; the tasks of twenty years ago are not the tasks of today. There are new problems in the religious world today and religion needs new phrasings and certainly new applications. May this new church make for itself a new place in the life of that city that will be worthy that which has gone before.

A Fortune that is Not a Misfortune.

Columbus Beatty has been for thirteen years a janitor of a police station in Chicago. He has lived in a rickety tenement and, as his wife put it, "We have had a hard time to make both ends meet, but we never ran into debt." There were seven growing children to clothe and to feed and to school on fifty dollars a month.

Th recent annexation of Georgetown, Va., to the city of Washington and the assuming of congressional control of that territory has led to the vacating of certain territory left by a fore-elder of Beatty's for cemetery and market purposes on condition that when this use of the property ceased it was to revert to the heirs. Thus the humble janitor on thirty-fifth street has come into possession of two hundred thousand dollars more or less. And suddenly he is confronted by the problem which is the daily perplexity of a growing number of people envied by the world, viz.: the problem of what to do with prosperity. How to wisely invest even two hundred thousand dollars is a large question even for a wise man; how much more profound is the perplexity when the figure on the left represents millions rather than hundred thousands.

Columbus Beatty and his wife seem to be equal to the task and we commend them to the study of those who are no less responsible for a wise administration of their fortune because there is in it no element of surprise even if they had, in the flippant and false speech of the successful "self made" man "made every cent" of it themselves, a statement as untrue as it is arrogant, as a very little study of economic problems will prove.

Said Mr. Beatty: "It is all a mistake about my moving on to the boulevard. I am going to build a comfortable home for my wife and children right here on Emerald avenue. This street was good enough for me when I was poor and it is good enough for me now. When I get that money I am going to give a blow-out to my old neighbors and associates, not a noisy bout, for I ain't a drinking man, but just a happy time. When I get 'em all round me I'll tell 'em that if they ever need a dollar I will be their friend."

And Mrs. Beatty is a worthy companion to such a sensible man. Said she to a newspaper reporter:

"You'd better believe we ain't goin' to move to any boulevard. This house is battered a bit, but every one of the children was born right here, and we've had good neighbors around us for pretty nigh twelve year. Emerald avenue may not be no Lake Shore driveway, but Italian sculptures ain't everything,

They are a healthy lot—the Beatty family—healthy in mind and body. The mother is not a Vassar graduate. In all probability she doesn't know whether Vassar is a college or a patent medicine, but she has a good deal of sound common sense.

"The one great, grand thing we are goin' to do with this money is to give our children an education that'll make 'em as good as the best in the land, an' better. They are goin' to have a schoolin'," and she looked down affectionately at the youngest, six weeks old, in her lap, "that'll be better for 'em than a wagon load of automobiles an' dude top hats."

Would that this high philosophy and higher religion of the Beattys might spread.

After Twenty-One Years.

Not only the People's Church, that for twenty-one years has worshipped at McVicker's Theater in Chicago, not only the great city of Chicago itself that has leaned unconsciously upon the conscience and the heart of the leader of the People's Church, Hiram W. Thomas, but thousands and thousands throughout the Mississippi valley, who in one way or another have learned to love his voice, to be led by his spirit and to rest in his humanity, were startled a week ago last Sunday by the announcement of Dr. Thomas' resignation. The story was simply told in his letter of resignation. Not old age but advancing years and the ever accumulative load of obligations and perhaps a still heavier load of opportunities have brought him to the time when he needs must take in sail in order that he may more wisely sail.

The winters of Chicago are hard enough to bear by the most vigorous. Dr. Thomas has faced them these many years without flinching, but he is a child of the South. Physically as well as spiritually he belongs to the sunshine, and a Florida home invites him for the winter. But he does not leave Chicago. He is still "Pastor Emeritus" of the People's Church and will give it of his wisdom and love.

Dr. Thomas will not be idle in the South-land. He will be an unfettered missionary of the liberal faith, at liberty to go where opportunity offers. He will be more and more an unfrocked bishop of that as yet small but prophetic movement well represented by the word "people's" in church and pulpit. If the promised gold from the mountains should come the external opportunities will greatly multiply. If that should never come and "there's many a slip between the cup and lip," still the spiritual opportunity will remain.

We will not undertake in this brief note even to hint at Chicago's indebtedness to Dr. Thomas. The quality of his work is of a kind that eludes statement and cannot be measured. He has helped modify the theological climate; he has helped humanize the thought of God and make more divine the thought of man. He has shamed the harshness in theology and in society and promulgated tenderness. He has done much to bring religion down to earth, to transfer its tests and quests from the domain of dogma to the realm of ethics, from theology to sociology.

Dr. Thomas makes the transfer wisely. Before this reaches our readers it will probably be announced that Dr. Frank Crane, now the popular pastor of the Hyde Park Methodist Church of Chicago, will have accepted the invitation of the People's Church and will take up the work in a spirit that will carry the banner forward. When, some two years ago, Dr. Crane was up for private "investigation" before a "jury of his peers," it is reported that the bishop said, "Mr. Crane, your position is that of Dr. Thomas," to which Mr. Crane replied, "Dr. Thomas was twenty years ahead of me; that is all the difference." There is another inspiring difference to-day. The twenty-one years of work behind Dr. Thomas are before Dr. Crane. UNITY bids him welcome to this measureless field of influence. We believe that his growth will keep pace with the growth of his opportunity and that the McVicker's pulpit will continue to give forth no uncertain sound in the interest of that religion that stands for freedom, fellowship, character and service.

GOOD POETRY.

This column will for awhile present in the issues of each month the work of one poet, giving the work of the younger men where it is worthy.—EDS.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

Born in Charleston, South Carolina, January 1, 1830. His English progenitors settled in Charleston in early colonial days and furnished patriots and statesmen to America. After graduation from Charleston College, he adopted literature as his profession, and became editor of the *Literary Monthly Magazine*. He served through the Civil War on Governor Pickens' staff. When war swept away his library and in fact all his property, he settled in the "Pine Barrens" of Georgia, where he lived practically in exile until his death.

Laocoon.

A gnarled and massive oak log, shapeless, old,
Hewed down of late from yonder hillside gray,
Grotesquely curved, across our hearthstone lay;
About it, serpentwise, the red flames rolled
In writhing convolutions; fold on fold
They crept and clung with slow portentous sway
Of deadly coils; or, in malignant play,
Keen tongues outflashed, 'twixt vaporous gloom and gold.
Lo! as I gazed from out that flaming gyre
There loomed a wild, weird image, all astrain
With strangled limbs, hot brow, and eyeballs dire,
Big with the anguish of the bursting brain:
Laocoon's form, Laocoon's fateful pain,
A frescoed dream on flickering walls of fire.

Dolce Far Niente.

Let the world roll blindly on!
Give me shadow, give me sun,
And a perfumed eve as this is:
Let me lie,
Dreamfully,
When the last quick sunbeams shiver
Spears of light athwart the river,
And a breeze, which seems the sigh
Of a fairy floating by,
Coyly kisses
Tender leaf and feathered grasses;
Yet so soft its breathing passes,
These tall ferns, just glimmering o'er me,
Blending goldenly before me,
Hardly quiver!

I have done with worldly scheming,
Mocking show and hollow seeming!
Let me lie
Idly here,
Lapped in lulling waves of air,
Facing full the shadowy sky.
Fame! the very sound is dreary,—
Shut, O soul! thine eyelids weary,
For all nature's voices say,
" 'Tis the close—the close of day,
Thought and grief have had their sway."
Now Sleep bares her balmy breast,—
Whispering low
(Low as moon-set tides that flow
Up still beaches far away;
While, from out the lucid West,
Flutelike winds of murmurous breath
Sink to tender-panting death),
"On my bosom take thy rest;
(Care and grief have had their day!)
'Ts the hour for dreaming,
Fragrant rest, elysian dreaming!"

A Little While I Fain Would Linger Yet.

A little while (my life is almost set!)
I fain would pause along the downward way,
Musing an hour in this sad sunset-ray,
While, sweet! our eyes with tender tears are wet:
A little hour I fain would linger yet.

A little while I fain would linger yet,
All for love's sake, for love that cannot tire;
Though fervid youth be dead, with youth's desire,
And hope has faded to a vague regret,
A little while I fain would linger yet.

A little while I fain would linger here:
Behold! who knows what strange, mysterious bars
'Twixt souls that love may rise in other stars?
Nor can love deem the face of death is fair;
A little while I still would linger here.

A little while I yearn to hold thee fast,
Hand locked in hand, and loyal heart to heart;
(O pitying Christ! those woeful words, "We part!")
So ere the darkness fall, the light be past,
A little while I fain would hold thee fast.

A little while, when light and twilight meet,—
Behind our broken years; before the deep
Weird wonder of the last unfathomed sleep,—
A little while I still would clasp thee, sweet,
A little while, when night and twilight meet.

A little while I fain would linger here;
Behold! who knows what soul-dividing bars
Earth's faithful loves may part in other stars?
Nor can love deem the face of death is fair;
A little while I still would linger here.

"It is not in words explicable with what divine lines and lights the exercises of godliness and charity will mould and gild the hardest and coldest countenance, neither to what darkness their departure will consign the loveliest. For there is not any virtue the exercise of which, even momentarily, will not impress a new fairness upon the new features, neither on them only, but on the whole body the moral and intellectual faculties have operation, for all the movements and gestures, however slight, are different in their modes according to the mind that governs them, and on the gentleness of right feeling follows grace of actions, and, through continuance of this, grace of form."—*Ruskin.*

Thoughts that great hearts once broke for, we breathe cheaply as the common air.—*Lowell.*

The Seventh General Meeting of the Congress of Religion.

Academic Freedom.

A Paper Read at Free Religious Session on Monday, July 1, by Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt, of Cornell University.

One of the weightiest religious problems of a practical nature that the nineteenth century bequeathed to its successor was the adjustment of the relations between pulpit and chair. It concerns all parts of Christendom, all branches of Jewry, all sections of the religious world. The Greek and Roman Catholic churches, as well as the various Protestant denominations, the free and self-supporting religious bodies not less than the national establishments, the Jewish congregations in different lands, the Buddhist churches in Japan, and the Muslim communities in India and Egypt, are more or less affected by it. The problem is occasioned by the disruption that has taken place between two co-ordinate branches of religious education, and the cause of this disruption is the application of scientific principles to the interpretation of sacred books, symbols of faith and religious history in general. A new dividing line is being drawn through the religious life of the world, obscuring, if not obliterating, the boundaries once so marked between religions and sects. The leaders on one side are academic teachers, philologists, exegetes, historians; the leaders on the other side are preachers, editors of religious journals, and managers of ecclesiastical affairs.

There is a natural reason, in the position and work of each of these classes of men, for the different attitude they assume. In the appointment of a professor, the chief qualifications that are likely to be considered are his capacity as an investigator and his aptness to teach. The qualifications that receive most attention in the appointment of a minister are his eloquence, his power to attract, to move, to win the approval of men, and his practical ability to hold together and to build up the organization.

In his work as an investigator, the professor appeals to experts, and is judged by the high standards of modern science. If he betrays an apologetic tendency, a dogmatic bias, another aim than the discovery of truth, he is sure to lose caste among his colleagues. Everything conspires to draw him away from tradition; his education, if he has had good teachers; his associates who, whatever their specialty, follow the methods of science; his books which he must read, if he would keep abreast of the progress in his own department.

This general condition is not affected by the circumstance that men are still occasionally driven from their chairs for heresy. No competent scholar loses prestige in academic circles by reason of such treatment. The academic atmosphere is favorable to the pursuit of truth for its own sake.

The work of the minister is quite different. His appeal is not to his colleagues, but to man in every walk of life. As a student of sacred writings he must think, not only of what a passage means in itself, but to what use it might be put. As a pulpit orator he must inspire men to act and to endure even more than to solve theological questions. The questioning and doubt, the weighing of evidence, the trial of theory, the suspense of judgment connected with a scholar's work are not conducive to forceful utterance and flights of imagination. He cannot go into details and, therefore, becomes prone to generalizations. He cannot succeed without the good will of his people. A straightforward but unfamiliar interpretation may give

offense, a betrayal of unpopular sentiments may produce a schism. As a pastor he must bestow great care on the outward forms of religion, and by all means build up the ecclesiastical machine.

Everything conspires to make the minister conservative; his colleagues who have no love for new fangled notions, his deacons who admire above all else the man that can make things run smoothly, his denominational literature often teeming with denunciation of the vagaries of criticism, his very concern for the peace of the souls entrusted to him.

And if the minister fails, if the crowds follow him no longer, the treasury becomes empty and the church runs down, there are for him no pastures green. No church or synagogue will want his services. The man whose loud-voiced loyalty to the standards and superior business sagacity have made him a marked success in the ministry will tell him that he has undoubtedly mistaken his calling.

The religious press, like the secular press, as a rule, caters to its constituency. Some religious journals are administration organs, some are purely business ventures, the policy being dictated by the subscription list. They are often ably edited, instructive and clean. In a great moral crisis they generally take the popular side. They defended slavery in abolition times; today they defend plutocracy and wars of conquest. In a conflict between pulpit and chair they naturally throw their influence on the side of the ecclesiastical authorities.

The primary religious education is in the hands of clergymen and Sunday school teachers. All honor to the volunteers in the Sunday school. It is a great pity that they should be forced into the strait-jacket of a system that bids them teach what they do not know, and prevents them from teaching things they really know. The result is the pitiable ignorance of our youth of the loftiest thoughts, the purest sentiments and the noblest lives, that have graced the history of mankind.

The managers of the great benevolent, educational and missionary enterprises of the churches are often men of sterling character who nobly give themselves to difficult and delicate tasks. They naturally look with suspicion upon tendencies of thought threatening to overthrow or to transform radically their cherished organizations.

There are, of course, exceptions. There is a small and dwindling minority of men in the chair who still adhere to traditional lines. There is a small and growing minority of men in the pulpit who staunchly support the critical work. There are a few religious journals that can be depended on to stand for right and truth regardless of financial success. Some high ecclesiastics by a conciliatory attitude seek to bridge the gulf between pulpit and chair.

But the gulf exists and it is most deplorable, reacting unfavorably on both parties. The professor, in his enforced isolation, is apt to lose sympathy with the practical religious activities about him, overestimate the importance of his scholastic discoveries, surrender some of the warmth of life in the rare atmosphere of speculation; while the minister, cut off from the world's ripest thought, is apt to become a mere repeater of the traditions of the fathers, a purveyor of platitudes, whose influence decreases as the general intelligence increases.

How, then, are more cordial and profitable relations to be established? By an extension of academic freedom. Too artificial restrictions upon academic liberty still exist whose tendency is to perpetuate an unnatural conflict and whose removal would effectually facilitate a better understanding. Academic freedom has two phases: the freedom to teach and the freedom to learn. The liberty to think for oneself, provided only prescribed ideas are expressed, should not be mentioned, for it is nothing but a mockery. Academic freedom to teach means opportunity to present the results of personal investigation pursued in the spirit and according to the methods prevailing in all scientific research. A scholar who is required to pledge himself to teach certain doctrines, or who follows scientific principles in his work only at a peril to his position, does not enjoy academic freedom to teach. Academic freedom to learn means opportunity to prepare for professional work by studies pursued on scientific principles, without prejudice to one's future career. A student who upon entering his profession is required to give a pledge which the best available training for his work renders it impossible for him to make and remain an honest man, does not enjoy, in the deepest sense, academic freedom to learn. Freedom to employ correct methods of study without danger of the stake or the dungeon, but in jeopardy of position and life work, is not academic liberty.

We owe, in a large measure, to Germany this conception of "Akademische Lehr-ard Lernfreiheit." But to-day it is widely recognized in all civilized lands. And it may be doubted whether it has ever found so full a realization as in the United States. Every attempt at violating this sacred principle only reveals how deeply our people feel its importance. Upon the freedom and integrity of our higher educational life depends, not only the advancement of science, but the maintenance of our dearly bought political and religious liberties. Some of our universities, like the one I have the honor of representing, have been founded on the principle that every subject should be taught on strictly scientific methods. Others, including the older universities of Europe and America, and a few theological schools, have, after long conflict, abolished the tests once exacted, and now demand that the science of religion shall be studied in the same way as any other science. Some universities affiliated with religious denominations and some theological schools require of theological professors no subscription to a creed, but expect a general agreement with the fundamental positions of the denomination. This sometimes leads to precarious situations, as there may be honest difference of opinion in regard to what constitutes the fundamental positions. But the problem becomes acute only where professors are required at installation, or at certain intervals during the tenure of office, to affirm their faith in certain formulas. To charge with dishonesty, as is often done, all professors who are willing to subscribe to the great historic creeds of Christendom, although they accept the results of modern criticism, would be a snap judgment lacking in moral discrimination. However illogical it may seem to some of us, there are exegetes who apply the principles of historical criticism to the Hebrew Bible, but do not feel the necessity of extending them to the New Testament, and are able to rest the old dogmatic structure on the somewhat reduced Biblical basis. Others rightly feel that a creed cannot have exactly the same meaning to two persons or in two different ages, and on this fact base the demand for a considerable latitude of interpretation. The question is how much elasticity can be given to the words of a creed without a stretching of the conscience of the interpreter as well. There can be no doubt that the requirement tends to produce a jugglery with terms, a vague and disingenuous use of language, and a general attitude of mind, incompatible with the highest kind of work and the noblest type of character. The extension of true academic freedom to institutions otherwise finely equipped by an abolition of these tests would be a great gain to theology and to religious life.

It is the right of a congregation to have the kind of minister it wants. It would manifestly be an injustice to force upon a conservative congregation a

preacher of liberal views. But no legitimate interest is subserved by interposing between minister and church an ordaining council to test his orthodoxy and to exact from him a pledge to teach forever a certain set of doctrines. The effect is to close the doors of the ministry to the men who are most admirably fitted for it. For none can be better fitted for this calling than he who, having received an adequate training in the science of theology and having gained so lofty a conception of the pastorate that neither can he stoop to equivocation nor pledge himself to stagnation, is eager, at the cost of personal sacrifice, to minister to his fellow men by the word. If the church by objectionable ordination vows undertakes to boycott institutions where science is honored and puts a premium on incompetency and disingenuousness she effectually interferes with the academic freedom of candidates for the ministry. These pledges should be abolished.

By the removal of these two restrictions upon academic freedom, the relations between pulpit and chair would become more normal. The search for truth would be untrammeled; convictions would be upheld without artificial supports; the two branches of religious education, the scholastic and the popular, would learn to co-operate; the critic would no longer loom up in the background as a dark specter threatening the church's peace; the minister would no longer be suspected of having sold his real convictions for a mess of pottage; the religious press would find it in its interest to become the powerful engine for the advancement of religious knowledge that it might be and the rising generation would be saved from incompetent leadership and consequent spiritual tragedies.

The cause of academic freedom is sure to win. Time was when mathematicians, physicists and astronomers were the heretics hounded from pillar to post. A generation ago geologists, paleontologists and biologists who accepted the evolutionary hypothesis did so at the risk of their chairs. Today the representatives of natural science sit undisturbed almost everywhere. The storm center has shifted to the social and religious sciences. Here the interest is more vital than ever; but the principle of liberty of thought and speech is also more strongly entrenched than ever.

It is feared in some circles that the bestowal upon universities of large donations by representatives of powerful corporate interests may affect academic liberty, that these gifts may be conceived as imposing obligations to desist from the search after truth, from the critical examination of industrial conditions. No respectable institution of learning would accept a gift upon such conditions, were they expressly stated. But neither can an obligation be implied that could not be openly assumed without public disgrace, nor is there often even the remotest suggestion of such an intent on the part of the giver. It would not be strange, indeed, if some men were influenced, perhaps unconsciously, by benefactions affecting their own economic position, or the welfare of an institution with which they are closely identified. But it is undoubtedly true that the larger the university the ampler its resources, the freer its traditions, the more distinguished its scholars, and the closer its relations to the state, the less likely is such an influence to be widely felt, the more probable is it that a high standard of academic work and of academic freedom prevails.

Academic freedom may be abused. But the dangers of exaggeration, opinionativeness and flagrant disregard for the amenities of life are greatest where freedom is least. Liberty bears in her own bosom the remedy of her evils.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Old Testament Bible Stories Told for the Young

—by—

W. L. SHELDON,
Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

CHAPTER III.

Noah and the Flood.

It was a good many hundred years after the time when Cain had been sent as a wanderer over the face of the earth for the murder of his brother Abel. At that time there were only a few people. But now I suppose there had come to be hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of men, women and children. It may be that the Ruler of the World had made more men and women, breathing into their nostrils the Breath of Life. At any rate, there they were—no longer just one family, Adam and Eve, with their children; but hundreds of thousands, or millions maybe, of people or families.

It may have been a thousand years after Adam and Eve had been shut out of the Garden of Eden and the Sword of Flame had been placed at the gateway. But I am sorry to say that the punishment for the act of disobedience committed by those two in that beautiful Garden, had not taught its lesson to the people who came after. We should have fancied that the mere fact—which everybody must have known—in the way Adam and Eve had been punished for that crime would tend to make the human race more careful about doing anything wicked again. But it went just the other way. Instead of becoming better as the years went on, the human race grew worse. I am sorry to have to tell you that many other awful murders were committed after what Cain had done. Many a man had been sent out as a wanderer on the fact of the earth because he had slain his brother. It would almost seem as though all this wickedness grew little by little out of the wickedness of that first brother, or out of the wickedness of that first father and mother, in the Garden of Eden.

I can not begin to tell you what was going on. Instead of being kind to each other, people hated each other. Instead of peace, there was strife and war. Instead of telling the truth, they would tell lies. Instead of working and earning their daily bread like men and women, they would steal. They seemed to have no sense of honor, no sense of justice. Boys and girls when they grew up would no longer treat their fathers and mothers kindly, but leave them to hunger and starve. The people seemed to care only for the lower kinds of pleasure, such as eating and drinking and beautiful clothes. They never thought of trying to be of help to each other, or to improve themselves; and it never seems to have entered their minds that they would be punished for all this, sooner or later.

Just think what the Ruler of the World, who had made Adam and Eve and put them in the Garden of Eden, must have felt about it all. This was the human race for which he had done so much. He had given them the earth and all that was on it; he had made them strong so that they could earn their own living and be brave and good and happy. He had hoped that, after the first Fall, after that first evil act in the Garden of Eden, human beings would know better later on and not be guilty of wickedness or disobedience again. Can we wonder that he was sad at heart? There was the beautiful Garden he had made, now all desolate, its gates closed forever, and the Flaming Sword above. Its beauty was there still; the trees and flowers and birds—everything the same, but yet strangely changed;

and it seemed somehow as if a cloud hung over it, because of what had taken place there.

He had thought how, perhaps, men and women, remembering in later years the way Adam and Eve had been punished, would try to make a new Garden of Eden out in the world somewhere. And if they did so, he had thought how he would bless it and help them to try and keep it beautiful, and reward their efforts; so that while they could never go back to the first Garden, they might yet build themselves beautiful homes and have a far greater and more beautiful garden of another kind somewhere on the earth.

Instead of this, the people were growing worse and worse, stealing from each other, murdering each other, and caring naught for what was good and true. They were spoiling the earth of its beauty; instead of making a garden of it they were injuring it and wasting what was there. As we are told, the Lord saw that the wickedness of man was growing in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually. We can fancy the sorrow in the heart of the Great Ruler when at last he had to own to himself that he regretted ever having made man upon the earth. And it grieved him at his heart.

And do you want to know what he said to himself? I will tell you. These were his words: "I will destroy man whom I have created, from the face of the ground; both man and beast and creeping thing and fowl of the air, for it repenteth me that I have made them." It was something awful; but it had to come. The human race had to be punished, just as Adam and Eve had been punished. He looked down from the skies and saw all the men, women and children. And he made up his mind then what he would do. I almost dread to tell you what he said to himself, but I will read it to you:

"The end of all flesh is come before me; for the earth is filled with violence through them; and behold, I will destroy them with the earth; I do bring the flood of waters upon the earth to destroy all flesh wherein is the breath of life under the heavens; everything that is in the earth shall die."

Do you wonder, then, how it happens that there are any human beings left in the world nowadays, if all men, women and children were drowned at that time? Why, you see, the Lord was saying this to *one* good man called Noah. It seems that of all people then living on the earth, there was just one family, a man and his wife and his three sons and their wives, who were not really bad. All the rest of the people, the Lord had said, were unfit to live. But these eight people he had decided to spare. He tells Noah what he is about to do, and bids him and his three sons to prepare an "ark" or big boat which shall float on the surface of the waters when the great floods should come. No others should be spared save Noah and his family.

It must have been a huge boat, that ark, which should float on the waters, because Noah had been told that it was not only to be for him and his family, but that also of every living thing of all flesh he was to bring two of every sort into the ark and keep them alive there, male and female. As it was said to Noah:

"Of the fowl after their kind and of the cattle after their kind, two of every sort shall come in unto thee to keep them alive, and take thou with thee of all food that is eaten and gather it to thee, and it shall be food for thee and for them."

I am telling, as you know, the story of Noah and the Flood.

At last, Noah was ready. He had been a long while with his sons building that ark. I suppose the people had laughed at him or despised him for what he was doing. What cared they? They went on eating and drinking and making merry in their wickedness and growing all the time worse and worse. But the judgment had gone forth; the Ruler of the World had decided, and the time had come. All the animals were there and were taken into the ark. Then Noah entered with his family and the door was shut. He was ready for what was to happen.

It began to rain. I suppose at the outset it was just like any other rain, save that it did not stop. And the people for a while did not mind it—rather liking it for a change. But by and by they grew a little uneasy, for after it had rained a day or two, it went on raining. It rained for a whole week; and then the plains down below were all covered with water. People had to move out of their cities and go on the hillsides, leaving their homes and wealth behind, until they began to wish that they too, like Noah, had built arks for themselves.

But it was too late. It went on raining. Day after day and week after week the water crept steadily up the hillsides. There was no more food for the people to eat, and the children were starving to death. Still the waters rose, and the rain poured steadily down, until the last hill tops and mountain tops were finally covered, and there was not a speck of land to be seen anywhere. No person was left alive save the family in the ark with Noah. It had rained forty days and forty nights so the story tells us, as it is said: "The flood was forty days upon the earth; and the waters increased and bare up the ark and it was lifted up above the earth, and the ark went upon the face of the waters; all high mountains that were under the whole heavens were covered."

Can you fancy such a scene? One awful punishment had come for all the bad deeds of the human race since Adam and Eve had been cast out of the Garden of Eden. The waters of the heavens had washed out the whole earth clean. And it had been done by drowning all beings on the face of the earth save this one family floating alone over the waters in the ark. As it was said in the story:

"All flesh died that moved on the earth, both fowl and cattle and beast and every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth, and every man; all in whose nostrils was the breath of the spirit of life; all that was in the dry land died. And the waters prevailed upon the earth an hundred and fifty days."

The Lord was satisfied. There had been no pleasure to him in the punishment which he had put on the human race. It was sad and sorrowful enough to him that he had to do it. As he looked out over the face of the earth, he must have felt glad that at least one family was left alive, in whom, as it is said, "there breathed the breath of the Spirit of Life."

When, therefore, the mountains had been covered, the rain ceased to fall. The skies cleared and the sun once more began to shine. And there was Noah wandering over the waters in the ark, waiting until they should subside and he should find dry land again. How long he would have to wait, he did not know. He only felt sure that if he waited long enough, the time would come when they could all go forth again.

When it seemed as if he could wait no longer and he must really know what hope there was, he took a dove and let it go free from the ark in order to see whether it would find dry land, or, if not, come back to him. But Noah had been impatient. The dove went flying here and there over the surface of the waters, finding no rest for its feet, and at last it returned to the ark again, "for the waters were on the face of the whole earth. And Noah put forth his hand and drew it within the ark."

He waited another seven days; and growing impatient again, he thought he would try once more, again sending forth the dove from the ark. And what do you suppose happened? Did the dove come back again, or find dry land and stay away? No; it came

back again, but in its beak it carried an olive leaf. In that way, you see, Noah found out that the waters were abating from off the earth. With a little more patience he waited another seven days, and then sent forth the same dove. I fancy by this time the dove was tired of the ark. If it did not come back again Noah would know that, ere long, he himself might leave the ark. And it happened that the dove returned not again unto him any more. Then at last, Noah took off the covering of the ark. He had waited long enough. He looked, and behold, the face of the ground was dry. The ark had rested on a mountain top. You may want to know the name of this mountain. It was called Mount Ararat.

There was the earth, quite bare where it had been covered by the waters, with just this one family and all the birds and beasts and living things within the ark. They came forth now, all of them, to people the earth again; and ere long the earth was fresh and green. Flowers once more began to bloom; trees grew up again, and the wild animals roamed once more as of old. But one dread hung over all living people. It took away their courage, this dread; until, in order to give them heart once more, their Great Ruler made them a promise. He told them to look at the rainbow, and whenever they saw it to remember that he had made a pledge to them that never again should there be a flood covering the whole earth. Would you like to know the words which, as we are told, he used in speaking to Noah as he made this pledge? I will give them to you:

"I establish my covenant with you, and with every living creature that is with you; the fowl and cattle and every beast that is with you; of all that go out of the ark, even every beast of the earth. And I will establish my covenant with you: neither shall all the flesh be cut off any more by waters of the flood; neither shall there any more be a flood to destroy the earth."

The human race had learned that, in one way or another, wickedness surely gets punished.

To THE TEACHER: There should be something very impressive to the young mind, in this picture of a world so positively wicked all the way through as to deserve being utterly destroyed—as if even the beasts and birds had become infected by it all. Such a story, if properly told, should seem still further to awaken the ethical sense, in calling forth the feeling that evil conduct as such *deserves* punishment. It is well to connect the thought of bad conduct or a wicked life with the thought of punishment, implying that the two naturally belong together and that the one somehow brings the other, even if we cannot always see how it comes. It is the conception of *desert* we need to emphasize here. There are several features of the story which need to be dwelt upon because of the way they have entered every-day language: as, for example, the Ark, the Rainbow, the Dove, Mount Ararat, etc.

MEMORY VERSES: *The end of all flesh is come before me; for the earth is filled with violence through them; and behold I will destroy them with the earth; I do bring the flood of waters upon the earth to destroy all flesh wherein is the breath of life under the heavens; every thing that is in the earth shall die.*

The artist that is satisfied with his transcript of his ideal will not grow any more. There is a touching story told of a modern sculptor who was found standing in front of his masterpiece, sunk in sad reverie, and when they asked him why he was so sad, "Because," he answered, "I am satisfied with it. I have embodied all that I can think and feel. There it is. And because there is no discord between what I dream and what I can do, I feel that the limit of my growth is reached. —*Ian Maclaren.*

THE STUDY TABLE.

How Old Art Thou.

How old art thou? Ask of each passing Sun,
How by its light thy daily life appears.
How hast thou lived? What duties hast thou done?
What is the daily record made to One,
(Of love and kindness mayhap of arrears),
With whom one day is as a thousand years?
How old art thou?

Sarah H. Bradford.

Book Notes.

The Crown and Thorns.*

This book is a short story, written to illustrate, in a semi-historical manner, the passage of Christianity from its earlier Judaistic character to the broader conditions of a world religion, under the influence of the apostle Paul. The story is well told, and will be very useful in making clearer the fact that the religion of Jesus and the religion of Paul constitute two very different and distinct elements in the New Testament. It was a case, however, of evolution, rather than of revolution. The ethical ideas of Jesus, and much of his philosophical conception of God and life and eternity, were applied to humanity by the great convert from Tarsus. The book is charmingly illustrated by Eduard Biedermann.

The Miracles of Missions.†

This book might have been of very great use to the world. It might have shown that the accomplishment of Christian missions, while far short of what was anticipated, has been, after all, a mighty force in working a change favorable to humanity. Missions have not converted any appreciable portion of those they have dubbed "heathen;" but they have carried about the world a great deal of Anglo-Saxon thought and force of character. Meanwhile, all intelligent missionaries have themselves been more or less converted to a higher sort of Christianity. These broader views they have brought home with them, and so we have all been converted to a higher amount of common sense, toleration, human brotherhood and decent theology. Probably nothing has done so much to abolish the Calvinistic God, sectarian shrewishness, and our baptized heathenism as foreign missions. It was exactly so when the Crusades, which could not conquer Palestine, reacted to humanize Europe. But Dr. Pierson is not content with a philosophical or sociological view of missions. They must be lifted clean out of the natural; so their results are "Miracles"—although most of these attempted miracles have fallen flat. The book reminds me of a reverend doctor whose church was burned, but who published to the world, as a direct miracle, that his box of sermons was rescued from the building, unburned. This easy way of exalting one's theological whims would be amusing, were it not that it gives their possessors a supernatural conceit, that makes them dangerous to religious honesty—as they were formerly dangerous to human life. This book has, however, a good deal of good stuff in it; only it will do little to lead man to put his hand in God's hand, as veritable child with veritable father.

The Tory Lover.‡

Miss Jewett has placed herself at the front of that very wholesome school of novelists, which, ignoring realism, is, after all, very realistic in style. Those who read with intense delight "A Country Doctor," "A Marsh Island," "A Native of Winby"—and especially "Tales of New England" and "Deephaven," will not

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*The Crown of Thorns. By Dr. Paul Carus. Published by Open Court Publishing Co., of Chicago.

†The Miracles of Missions. By Rev. A. T. Pierson, D. D. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

‡The Tory Lover. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston.

be slow to purchase this new book. It will be difficult for any one to say which of Miss Jewett's volumes is the best. Certainly the "Tory Lover" does not come behind in the comparison. The picture of Paul Jones is delightful from beginning to end; and the other characters are admirably well drawn. I am especially delighted with the picturesque identification of General Sullivan's father with a grand old English refugee. It is my conviction that we have no need or call for the vulgar novels that are published, so long as we have such writers as Miss Jewett.

The Symphony of Life.*

Those who know Henry Wood know a noble man; and those who know his book know a high order of literature. If there were nothing more than the preface of this volume, it would be worth the cost of the book. It is an attempt to establish the authority of the inner light, "which is God in the human soul," in the place of dictation from without. Mr. Wood says that he perceives, at the beginning of the twentieth century, a very general evolutionary reconciliation. "In the great scheme of the whole, each church, sect, system and institution, however imperfect, which is striving to uplift men, contains the most good, for its own particular section of the human family, and its very existence is a witness of such adaptation." It is one of the most useful books that has recently come from the press.

The Civil War and the Constitution.†

These volumes come in the American History Series; now seven in number. Those from the pen of Professor Burgess are the Middle Period; the one now in hand, and "Reconstruction and the Constitution." These volumes undertake to give us the history of the secession movement; and to carry along with the flow of historic facts, the philosophy upon which those facts hinged—the sociological evolution. It is the Civil War *and* the Constitution. The critic is compelled to do two things, to examine the narration of facts, and their interpretation as related to the constitutional life of the republic. The author is called upon to interpret the action of the Congress, and of the President, during the critical period which established the central power of the government, largely at the expense of the power of the states. The reader will naturally turn to see what Prof. Burgess has to say concerning the constitutionality of the taxation, which was necessarily crowded to extremes during the war; of the national banking act of 1863; of the division of Virginia; and of the general tendency to an increase of governmental power at Washington. Certainly we find in these volumes nothing that looks like severity of criticism. Is the author decided enough, and emphatic enough, concerning points that deserve condemnation?

Civics for New York State.‡

We are of the opinion that the study of civics in our public schools is overdone. It is one thing for the children to learn the fundamental principles of republican government; and it is quite another thing for them to be compelled to study the minutiae of civic forms. However, this book seems to be well adjusted to aid young people at points where they need information. I am inclined to think that there is no better volume to be kept at hand by the ordinary citizen, from which he can secure, at a moment's notice, accurate information about those governmental matters in which he must take part. The style is peculiarly attractive; and so far as I have been able to examine the matters discussed, they are put in right relations and proportions. For instance, one chapter defines common law, as distinct from statute law; defines contracts, and states under what conditions a contract is not binding; describes and defines a lease; states the obligation of a common carrier, and of employer and employee; defines partnership, and a joint stock company; names the requirements of a deed, of a mortgage, and the method of satisfying a mortgage; defines appurtenances; describes the formalities necessary to the making of a will; gives the nature of an estate and fee simple; besides defining promissory notes, maker, payee, indorser, etc. This is just the sort of knowledge that a home-builder needs to know. The book is good inside New York state; and nearly as good outside it.

E. P. Powell.

*The Symphony of Life. By Henry Wood. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

†The Civil War and the Constitution. By John W. Burgess, LL. D. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

‡Civics for New York State. By Charles DeForest Hoxie. Published by American Book Company, New York.

A Unique Book.*

The title of this little book presents an interesting illustration of the peculiar hold which Jesus has upon the thought and affection of mankind. The most conservative finds no objection in a reference to the wisdom of Jesus. Many liberals will flinch when we speak of the wit of Jesus: it seems to imply human limitation or lack of moral earnestness. The reverent heart protests against any treatment of Jesus which attributes to him so common a human quality as "wit." So that many will find something of a stumbling block in the first descriptive word in the title of this book.

But this feeling which will probably rise in many hearts is a mere prejudice. If Jesus was wise why not also witty? If human sympathy, why not human wit? If he felt a genuine human love why may he not have indulged the feeling of humor? If he used invective why not irony? There is a wisdom of wit as well as the wisdom of love. Humor may stir to moral action as well as reason. These considerations show us how much there is in our thought of Jesus which is merely traditional. We have not thought or felt ourselves out to clear and logical conclusions.

But let no one imagine that the spirit of this book is light or frivolous or irreverent because the word wit occurs in the title. The spirit of these pages is intensely earnest and serious. The attitude of the author toward Jesus is very tender and appreciative. In this work Mr. Buckley has given us far more than the title implies. It is really a fine piece of literary appreciation—a sympathetic interpretation which brings Jesus into clearer light and deepens our love for him. Those who take up the book with doubt will lay it down with delight. Those who hesitate at the first page will heartily rejoice as they proceed in their reading.

The reader of these chapters will find more than he expects and better things than he anticipates. He will find new light shining in dark places of the gospel record. He will be led to discover wisdom and see beauty in passages that before had attracted no attention. As he proceeds his appreciation of Jesus will grow; he will feel as never before the intellectual greatness, the rational acumen, the spiritual alertness, the keenness of moral perception, the commanding ethical earnestness of that supreme teacher. The character of Jesus becomes larger and more attractive as these pages are turned; he comes closer to us and hence more vital, natural, and helpful. The new scholarship of the Bible is here assumed but not discussed. This treatment of Jesus beautifully and helpfully shows how much is left after the questionings of these days.

*The Wit and Wisdom of Jesus. By George Wright Buckley. Author of Carlyle and Emerson: A Contrast; Politics and Morals; Pain Is Gain, etc. James H. West Co. Boston. Pp. 213. $1.00.

It illustrates what riches of spiritual life may yet be obtained from the prophet of Galilee.

The scope and range of the book may but be indicated by setting down the subjects of the different chapters. Humor versus Criticism; Life Sketches: Turning "Men's Ears into Eyes"; Misunderstood; Kindred and Neighbors; Pithy Sayings and Retorts; Opposition and Quotation; Miracles—Practical Religion; Vanquished Craft; Hypocrisy and Self-Righteousness; Closing of the Conflict.

Mr. Buckley deserves congratulation upon his success in dealing with a difficult and delicate task. And under his treatment the discussion becomes something more than an interpretation of Jesus' message—it broadens into an inspiring interpretation of human life. His closing words leave us in the right mood with our faces upturned to the light: "If upon the reader the personality of Jesus has not grown more commanding of homage, by reason not alone of his invincible greatness of mind, but more by reason of his spiritual kingship, of his divine heroism and self-abnegation—if through these pages the reader is not knit closer to that massive personality in bonds of gratitude and love, then has the writer labored for naught. A son of grace and truth, sent into this world of flesh and spirit to show forth the Father? Pure and uncompromising citizen of heaven, yet with feet on earth, treading the ways of salvation in healthy fellowship with men? Prophet, with all the prophet's prayings and servings, his sorrows and persecutions for righteousness' sake; but also a comrade mingling in the relaxations and friendships, the rejoicings and feastings of the social man? In soundness of sympathy, a 'high-priest' indeed, 'touched with the feeling of our infirmities,' rich in all endowment to weep with those who weep and rejoice with those who rejoice'—rich in all highest responsiveness to the smile in life as well as the tear; with the sadness and dignity of a god, and the joy and humility of a child? This poetic, social Jesus, this deep-feeling, quick-glancing, heaven-piercing Jesus, sweeps with his master touch, and for godward ends, the chords of wit, of humor, of pathos?"

The book abounds in helpful sentences that ought to become the current coin of our common human life. The publisher has given it a worthy and attractive dress—what is true of all his publications.

JOSEPH HENRY CROOKER.

Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Dwellers in the Hills.†

Is an interesting book from start to finish. The sum of the story is laid in the Hills of the Blue Grass region. One ranchman has bargained with another to buy of him several hundred head of cattle, to be delivered at a certain date, or the contract is not binding. Before this date arrives the price of cattle has changed so much that the buyer wishes the bargain canceled, and so, through trick and misrepresentation, tries in every way to make it impossible for the man sent with the cattle to deliver them until the stated time is past. The most thrilling part of the story is the description of the passage of six hundred cattle across a swift, muddy stream, deep and a quarter of a mile in width, the cable upon which the ferry boat was run having been cut by the buyer's men, and the boat floated down stream in the night. The possibility of extricating two hundred of these creatures which had stampeded and been caught in an eddy of great force, in mid-stream, seems rather improbable, at least to one not used to handling cattle.

To us the charm of the book lies not so much in the story as in the vivid descriptions of natural life and the close sympathy described between the man of this region and the creatures of which he is master. It would seem that any one who reads the book must inevitably be a closer observer of nature and have a greater interest in the animal life about him because of this author's enthusiasm.

L. T. F.

†Dwellers in the Hills, by Melville Davisson Post. McClurg. $1.25.

How Parents Defeat the Work of the Schools.

Superintendent Truesdale has in the Geneva (N. Y.) *Times* of September 27th a letter, every word of which should be read and pondered by every parent who has a child in our public schools.

"In our own schools the judgment of the school authorities, as expressed in the annual catalogue, is that the majority of pupils should pursue only three full studies, but that those that are strong in mind and body may do additional work. The difficulty arises from the fact that some parents claim that their children who are deficient in mental and physical vigor can do as much work as those who are strong and diligent.

"The evenings of some children are spent in dissipation, or in wasting mental and bodily strength. All boys and girls who attend school should spend their evenings at home, not at clubs, or the meeting of societies, or at parties, or in the preparation of theatrical operas or concerts.

"Several times this week the schools have been called upon to take part in or to sanction some 'attraction' that would necessarily interfere with the studies of the pupils. As a rule those who can least afford to sacrifice their time are most eager to engage in these 'shows.' The inevitable results are loss of recitations, decreased interest in studies, falling behind the classes, impaired health, and a general distaste for systematic and thorough work. When this condition prevails to a considerable extent the schools, so far as this contingent is concerned, might better be closed.

"The records of the schools show that those pupils whose parents direct them with a wholesome appreciation of the value of good discipline and sound instruction in school, do a large amount of excellent work, while those who receive less attention at home accomplish but little.

"The board of education has for years held the position that, so far as its authority extends, nothing that can be avoided shall be allowed to interfere with the work of the schools; and the teachers believe that if this were indorsed by parents who have children in the schools there would be little occasion to complain of overcrowded courses of study.

"Last year the school work of a large number of children in the grades was interrupted by their taking part in a play that required weeks for rehearsal, and permitted the somewhat indiscriminate commingling of boys and girls at hours when they should be at home. The result was a severe check on their progress in school.

"The complaint has been made to the writer that in a neighboring village the schools have suffered seriously the past few weeks on account of many of the children being engaged in a 'show,' pretty to look at, but demoralizing to the school children who took part in it.

"I seriously trust that parents may be awakened to an appreciation of the value to the children of a home in which their responsibilities are not delegated to others.

W. H. TRUESDALE.

"Geneva, Sept. 28, 1901."

—*Reprinted from the Benediction.*

Who seeks for heaven alone to save his soul,
May keep the path, but will not reach the goal;
While he who walks in love may wander far,
But God will bring him where the blessed are.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The basis of nature and the ground of humanity is the Eternal Spirit.

MON.—The few are still the custodians of the world's highest things; these are more and more visibly servants of the race.

TUES.—Whatever insights are possible into the being of God, offer themselves only to those who know God as the life of man.

WED.—Pity is the possession that makes the lowest indispensable to the highest.

THURS.—Ideals vanish in the presence of higher ideals; permanence is sure only to the best that man can think and do and be.

FRI.—The human world is a structure of thought, a building of love, an edifice rising more and more in response to righteousness.

SAT.—God is not reached as the last conclusion of the intellect from premises that exclude him. Men know him through the life that he first makes possible and afterwards real. —*George A. Gordon.*

The Best Day.

Some skies may be gloomy,
Some moments be sad,
But everywhere, always,
Some souls must be glad;
For true is the saying
Proclaimed by the seer—
"Each day is the best day
Of somebody's year!"

Each day finds a hero,
Each day helps a saint,
Each day brings to some one
A joy without taint;
Though it may not be my turn
Or yours that is near—
"Each day is the best day
Of somebody's year!"

The calendar sparkles
With days that have brought
Some prize that was longed for,
Some good that was sought:
High deeds happen daily,
Wide truths grow more clear—
"Each day is the best day
Of somebody's year!"

No sun ever rises
But brings joy behind;
No sorrow in fetters
The whole earth can bind;
How selfish our fretting,
How narrow our fear—
"Each day is the best day
Of somebody's year!"

—*Priscilla Leonard...*

Each in His Own Way.

"The bird praises God by singing; the flower pays its tribute in fragrant incense as its censer swings in the breeze; the tree shakes down fruit from its bending boughs; the stars pour out their silver beams to gladden the earth; the clouds give their blessing in gentle rain; yet all, with equal faithfulness, fulfill their mission."

"Nothing is a misfortune that can be faced and known by an unfrighted human spirit. A misfortune bravely met is a fortune, and the world is full of people happy because bravely unhappy."—*D. G. Mason.*

What to Carry.

"If you are going to a neighbor's, child, carry something worth while," said the dear old grandmother, looking out from the kitchen window.

I was a very small girl, delighted with a bright little basket which some one had given me, and eager to show it to a playmate next door. I was filling it with hard, green peaches, which the wind had swept from the trees.

"I'm only playing take her something," I explained; but the wise old grandmother insisted upon the basket's being emptied.

"Think what you can share with her that is worth carrying," she said "There are too many folks traveling to and fro with trash that the wind brings to their doors—things fit for nobody's mouth. Mind what grandma tells you, dearie—you'll understand it better when you grow older—don't run with every bitter windfall you can gather up, but learn to carry things worth carrying."

She filled the basket with cookies and rosy apples, and sent me on my way rejoicing. The incident, like the grandmother's life, is long since past, but many a time I have remembered it when visitors have brought me things worthless, or worse than worthless.—*Forward.*

The Longest and Shortest Sermon.

The longest sermon on record was preached by the Rev. Isaac Barrow, a Puritan preacher of the seventeenth century, who once delivered a sermon in Westminster Abbey lasting three hours and a half; and the shortest sermon ever preached was perhaps the sermon which Doctor Whewell was fond of repeating from the text, "Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward."

The sermon occupied barely a minute in delivery, the following being a verbatim report: "I shall divide the discourse into three heads: 1. Man's ingress into the world. 2. His progress through the world. 3. His egress out of the world.

"Firstly, his ingress into the world is naked and bare.

"Secondly, his progress through the world is trouble and care.

"Thirdly, his egress out of the world is nobody knows where.

"To conclude: If we live well here, we shall live well there. I can tell you no more if I preach a year." Then he gave the benediction.—*Christian Herald.*

The Governor and the Boy.

I never saw Governor Wolcott but once, but I always remembered that time. It was one day when I was coming up Tremont street, and on the corner by King's Chapel was an awfully ragged, dirty little boy. He had a piece of brown paper with something written on it—an address, I suppose—and he was trying to find the place.

Then I saw a tall, fine-looking man coming up School street. I thought he was the handsomest man I had ever seen, and he was elegantly dressed and carried himself with such an air I couldn't help looking at him.

When he got to the corner, the little boy ran alongside of him, and attracted his attention by pulling at his coat sleeve. He stopped and looked at the boy and smiled, and said, "Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

The boy held up the paper, and he read it and said, "You must go a little farther down on the other side of the street." But he saw that the boy didn't seem to understand, so he said, "Here, I'll show you where it is"; and he took the dirty little chap by the hand and led him off down Tremont street and found the place for him. Then he came back and went on, up to the State House, I suppose. I thought it must be the Governor, and I stopped and watched him. I had never seen him before, but I had seen his pictures lots of times; and when he came back, just as he turned the corner, a man met him and touched his hat and said, "Good morning, Governor!" So I knew I was right.—*The Youths' Companion.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Paul Hamilton Hayne.

Oh, weep for him, ye ever moaning pines!
Ye green palmettoes by the summer sea,
Bend low your heads for him who low reclines!
He loved you well; his soul to melody
Was stirred forever by the south wind's play,
The ocean's voice, the mock-bird's checkered lay.

Weep for the poet! When the poet dies
There be some souls that, through the noisy years,
Heard far and heeded, and did not despise
His voice of gladness, half suppressed by tears,
Who pause and query: "Wherefore toil and sow?
There is no sunshine; how shall harvests grow?"

Sunshine and music are the poet's dower;
He sings, and lo! the land is wed to fame:
It may have wealth and excellence and power,
But o'er them all men write the poet's name;
'Tis Burns' land or Schiller's clime or Hayne's;
O'er every ruler's right the poet reigns.

Now silent are the notes that trembled sweet
As thrushes warbling in the western woods,
Or murmurs where ecstatic waters meet
To join in gladness their related floods.
Men cry, "Farewell!" and linger and bewail:
The beckoning future whispers softly, "Hail!"

Nor chivalry, nor knightly deed shall wake
For thee, O Sun-kissed South! the world's acclaim,
As his glad notes that trembled for thy sake;
For he who bore Carolina's dearest name
Could touch the wondrous heart of man, and move
Its chords to song, its every pulse to love.

The man is dead; the bard shall never die;
Though clay lie cold and eloquent voice be stilled,
The poet lingers; wood and field and sky
And the far spaces by his soul are filled.
For him all times and seasons shall remain,
And thy best name, O South! shall still be Hayne.

—*"The Cabin in the Clearing," Benj. S. Parker.*

The Michigan Unitarian State Conference.

The twenty-sixth annual meeting of the Michigan Conference of the Unitarian and other Christian churches was held in Detroit Oct. 21 and 22. The sermon Monday evening was preached by Rev. S. A. Eliot, D. D. It was a stirring appeal for a more practical enthusiasm, one born out of deep and broad thought, leading to winged words and noble deeds. The reports of the churches at the business session next morning were encouraging. A cheerful, hopeful, energetic spirit prevailed. Fraternal greetings from the Universalist State Convention were presented by Rev. George E. Cooley, of Grand Rapids. Rev. F. C. Southworth, of Chicago, gave an address on "The Reorganzation of Religion." The topic was further discussed by Rev. A. G. Jennings, of Toledo, and Rev. William Forkell, of Jackson. After a devotional meeting the delegates partook of lunch prepared by the ladies of the Detroit Church.

The afternoon session was in the hands of the Associate Branch of the Women's Alliance for the Central States. An organ recital by the organist of the church, a vocal solo by Mrs. McFarland and violin solo by Miss Davison added greatly to the enjoyment of the afternoon. Reports from local Alliances showed a surprising amount and variety of work accomplished. Mrs. Marks, of Detroit, presided at the meeting; Mrs. Reed Stuart gave a cordial welcome, and Mrs. Robert H. Davis, of New York, made the principal address, showing the nature and scope of the National Alliance work.

At the platform meeting Tuesday evening Rev. M. O. Simons, of Cleveland, spoke on "The Everlasting Necessity of Religion"; Rev. George E. Cooley, of Grand Rapids, on "Co-operation for Holiness," and Rev. S. A. Eliot, of Boston, on "The Work of Our Church."

The following officers were elected: President, Rev. J. H. Crooker, D.D., Ann Arbor; first vice president, A. A. Ballou, Detroit; second vice president, Hon. S. W. Hopkins, Mt. Pleasant; secretary, Rev. William Farkell, Jackson; treasurer, Mr. Walter R. Taylor, Kalamazoo; delegate to Missionary Council, Rev. J. H. Crooker. E. C. SMITH, Secretary.

Whatcom, Washington.—Rev. A. K. Beem, recently of Benton Harbor, has taken up the work of establishing a People's church in this far-off place. It is an outcome of the missionary activities of Mr. Martin, of the Free Church of Tacoma.

Dixon, Illinois.—The Unity Club, in connection with the Liberal Church of this place, opened the season's work with a paper on "The Spirit of Robert Burns," by the pastor, Rev. J. P. Newton. It is interesting to note how steadily, though quietly, modern scripture is taking its place alongside the ancient scripture that has monopolized the title of "holy writ." By demonstration more than by argument the preachers are learning to recognize all scripture as inspired which proves inspiring. We make room for a paragraph from Mr. Newton's address, copied from a local paper:

"Robert Burns is almost a synonym for love and sympathy. His heart was an inexhaustible fountain of sympathy. Nothing was excluded from its refreshing sweetness. The sight of a little bird beating its bloody wings against the ground filled his eyes with tears of pity and pain. In the cold winter nights he thinks of the bird that sang on his window in the spring days, and wonders if it is warm. He hears the report of a gun, and shortly after sees a wounded hare go limping by. The suffering of the little animal touches his heart and called forth a song of sympathy. Nor was his tender sympathy confined to dumb brutes, as it is with so many. The poor, the outcast, the sinful, the suffering, and heavy-laden, were embraced in his all-pitying affection. Nor was his tenderness a mere sentimentalism; it was love made alive by the extraordinary sensitiveness of genius. It was a ray of light from that eternal sympathy which places all creation, especially the suffering and despised part of it, under his protection."

Hopeful Federation.—The Liberal Union of Minnesota Women is the title of an organization that includes representatives of ten Unitarian and Universalist churches of Minneapolis, St. Paul, St. Anthony Park, Owatonna and Albert Lea. Mrs. Marion D. Shutter is president. A program for monthly meetings throughout the season is published. In the list of topics are found the following: "The Religion of Browning," "Isaiah," "A Visit to Tuskegee," and "How far is Public Duty Imperative on Every Woman?"

Foreign Notes.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S POLICY AS VIEWED IN INDIA.—While there have been foreign characterizations of President McKinley as the inaugurator of two wars—a tariff war and a war of conquest—it remains for some of the Indian subjects of Great Britain to divide this opinion and express a degree of sympathy for his protectionist policy, while condemning his course in the Philippines. In an editorial on the death of our late President, Mr. Pal, editor of *New India*, expresses himself as follows:

"The administration of Mr. McKinley has been marked by two things, namely, his policy of protection, which he regarded as essential to the prosperity of his country, and the inauguration of an era of colonial expansion, which has subverted the old American doctrine of the constitution following the flag. His economic policy has awakened serious searchings of heart among the more thoughtful of my educated countrymen regarding the absolute infallibility of the Manchester school of economics; and there is a general sympathy with it in this country. But educated Indians have from the very commencement viewed with deep and sincere regret the Philippine policy of the late President, which seemed to them to be retrograde and revolutionary, and calculated to shift the sacred foundations of the American Republic."

BISHOP POTTER'S IMPRESSIONS OF INDIA.—The distinguished New York bishop is another American to whom *New India* gives "the honor of an editorial article," with the statement that it does so "absolutely for the *man*, and not for what he has to say" in his "Impressions," published in the August number of the *Century Magazine*. The bishop's article being easily accessible to American readers, I quote only some of the Indian comments, omitting most of its illustrative citations from that article.

"Bishop Potter is generally so well spoken of in America that one expected a better—that is, a truer—picture of Indian life and manners from him than what he presents through

these pages. Indeed, he speaks very little of the real life and thought of India. The impression left on the mind of the reader is that he saw India, not really through his own eyes, which, as an American visitor, was very reasonably expected of him, but through Anglo-Indian specs—and more often Anglo-Indian official specs. He seems to have seen only that much of the country and its teeming life which made him feel the power and presence of the British officialdom most; and he draws purely upon his imagination, stuffed with such Oriental studies as he had time and inclination to devote to, while painting the life of the Indian people. It is, therefore, that his summnig up will read more like a *resume* of the Arabian Nights Tales than of the realistic of Indian life. * * *

"The whole essay is, indeed, an apology for the British officialdom. Ever since the Philippine war and the annexation of Cuba a class of American politicians have been engaged in showing up the British administration in India as an example of imperial rule. Bishop Potter, we suspect, had these critics of the policy of the present Republican government in Washington before him when devoting so much labor and time to painting the characteristics of the Anglo-Indian rulers. These are of the sacred number three—the first being 'sense of responsibility,' the second 'sympathy,' and the third 'trained capacity.' And these—'sense of official responsibility and the grace of personal sympathy and trained capacity'—make up the constituent elements of the British official in India. If Bishop Potters would permit us to substitute the term *dignity* for *responsibility*, in characteristic No. 1, and omit altogether characteristic No. 2, the amended picture would be true to life. * * *

"There is the usual sense of superiority, the universal evangelical quality—which, however, one did not expect from a liberal bishop, although he might be an Episcopalian—in Bishop Potter's estimate of the religious life of the Hindus. Some minds, especially among the professionally religious, seemed to be peculiarly trained to see only the lower aspects of other people's religion. But he must be a brave man, indeed, who can confidently say that he found nothing higher than the Cow-Temple and Monkey-Temple at Benares in the religious life of a people who possess such treasure troves of spiritual wisdom as the Vedantas and the Bhagavad-Gita. But when we read of the bishop's statement that, 'Around the person of the Viceroy of India, by gradual but sure progressions, the great Indian princes have been drawn in a council of state for the consideration of common interests and the maintenance of common rights'; or that though there are 'short, brusque, and sometimes violent ways of the British soldier or the British cad with a native servant or coolie, or inferior of whatever class, nobody who has been in India needs to be told that, with the relations existing there, such things are inevitable, but nobody who knows anything about the facts needs any more to be told that such acts are limited by an authority and punished with an impartiality which in the case of the government of a conquered people by the conquering nation is absolutely unique'; or, finally, when he speaks of 'My Bengali servant who was a native of Central India'—we are not at all surprised at the things that the learned bishop talks of. Any English critic of the bishop would pass them over with the remark that this is the usual way with Americans; but I have known Americans, and have learned to respect them as a nation, and all that I can say is that Bishop Potter is an unworthy representative of that great people and that he has failed to maintain what reputation he has for thoughtfulness, truthfulness and charity in the article he has contributed to the august *Century Magazine*." M. E. H.

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